had been lying since the *Nang-Li* took them aboard in South America, and as they would lie until—well, until they reached the end of their voyage, perhaps in Canton. They were kept alive, my friend explained, by a tiny pill of opium, an occasional loaf and plenty of tea, and they were the first fruits o± a philanthropic Chinese society's efforts in Lima which raised funds, partly by con-tribution and partly by charity, to enable the very old to go home to die.

The very old! They ranged from ninety to well over a hundred, all the five-odd score of them. Wizened, the skin drawn tightly over cheekbones and skull, clad mostly in a shirt, some lay still as if already dead, others turned old eyes feebly to see us, a few greeted the stranger with the strangers' language of the land of their exile—Buenos dias, Caballero. One here was sitting up, the bony fingers of the aged trembling upon some

little task;
another there, twisted sideways in a strange con-
tortion of form ; and by the companion ladder one
was on his feet. He had long white hair on his
head, and a white straight-iailing * wispy beard
He had very alert eyes, over-bright. He stood